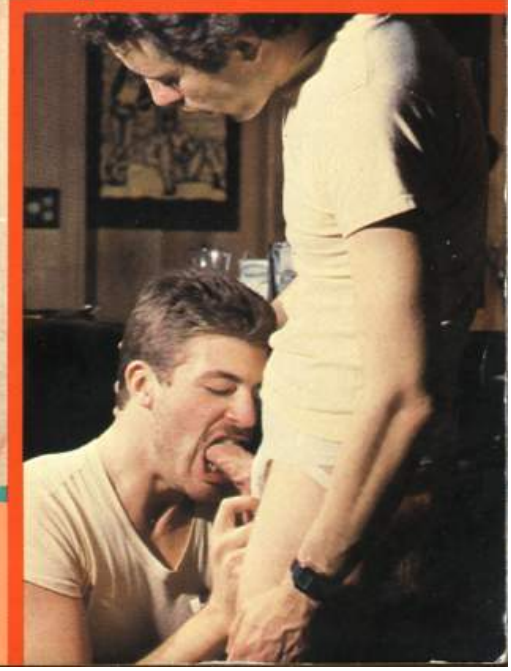
Volume 1

GRAFICOLOR
PRODUCTIONS

$20.00

Hard Cockin' MEN

Hard Cockin' Men will make you cum right out of your pants!



All models are over 18 years

Not for sale to minors

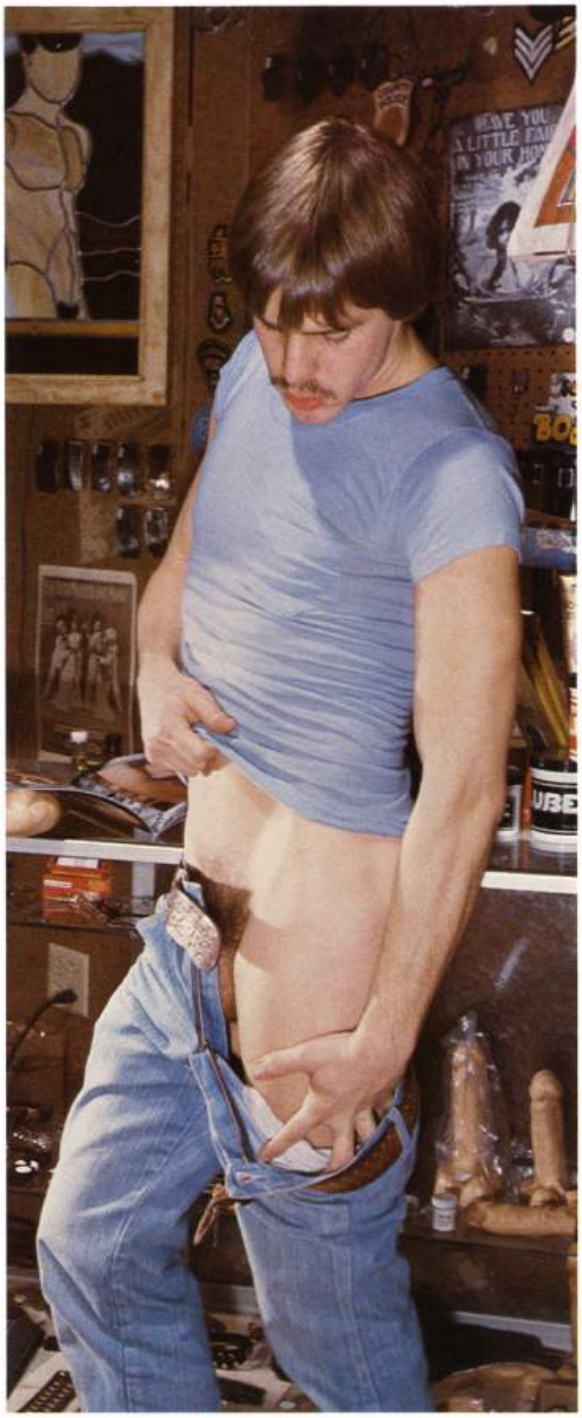
ALL COLOR

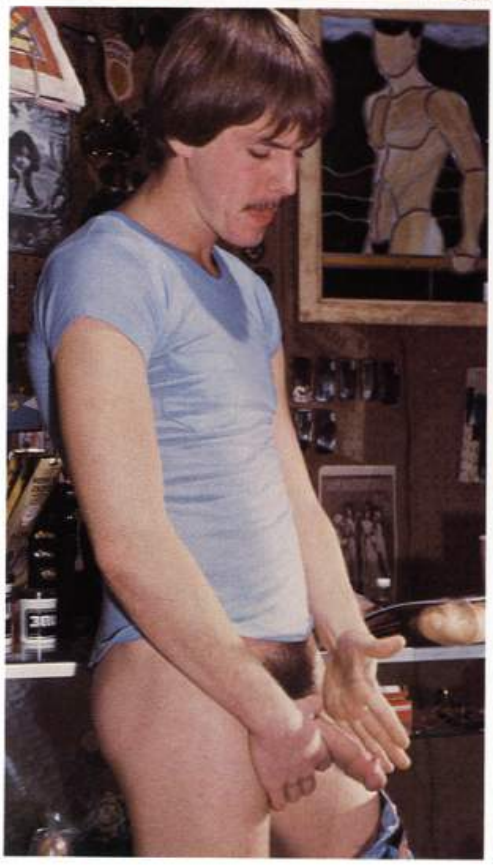
film #5

Can any man resist so much erotic stimulation?

Mighty Load!

It was Ted's first night on the job. Steve, the owner of the adult bookstore, had told him that things would be slow. But this was ridiculous. There hadn't been a customer in the last two hours. It was getting close to midnight — and that was closing time. Ted locked the doors, and then decided to check out the merchandise. Within five minutes he was so hard that he had to drop his trousers.

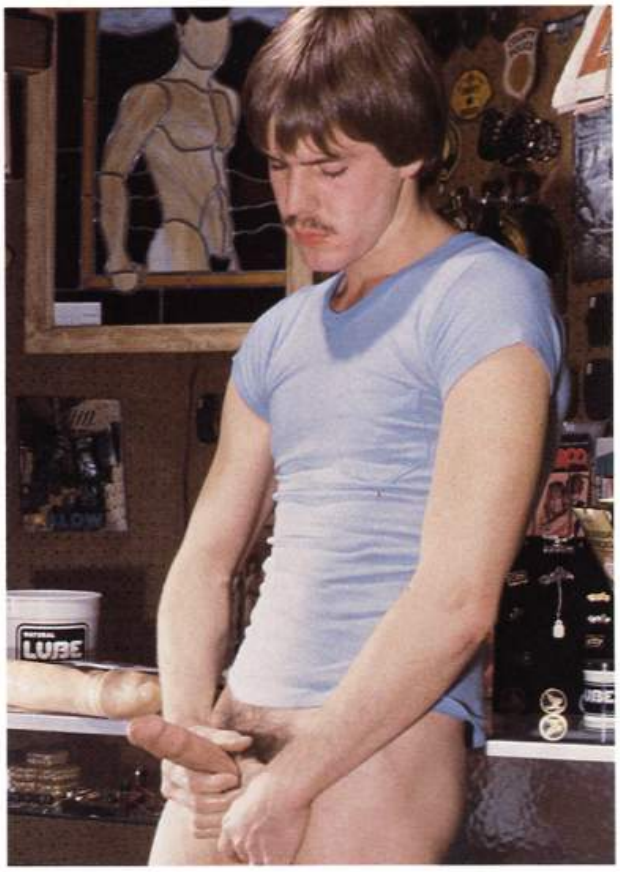




He'd never seen so much flesh in his life. His hand wrapped around his nine-inch cock, he flipped open yet another magazine, barely able to focus his eyes.

He was breathing hard — the lights were still on and he wondered if anyone could see him from the street. For some reason, it excited him all the more.

He bent over, mooning any possible voyeurs, loving the thought of some guy crouched in the alley across the street, jerking off as he watched Ted's midnight party.

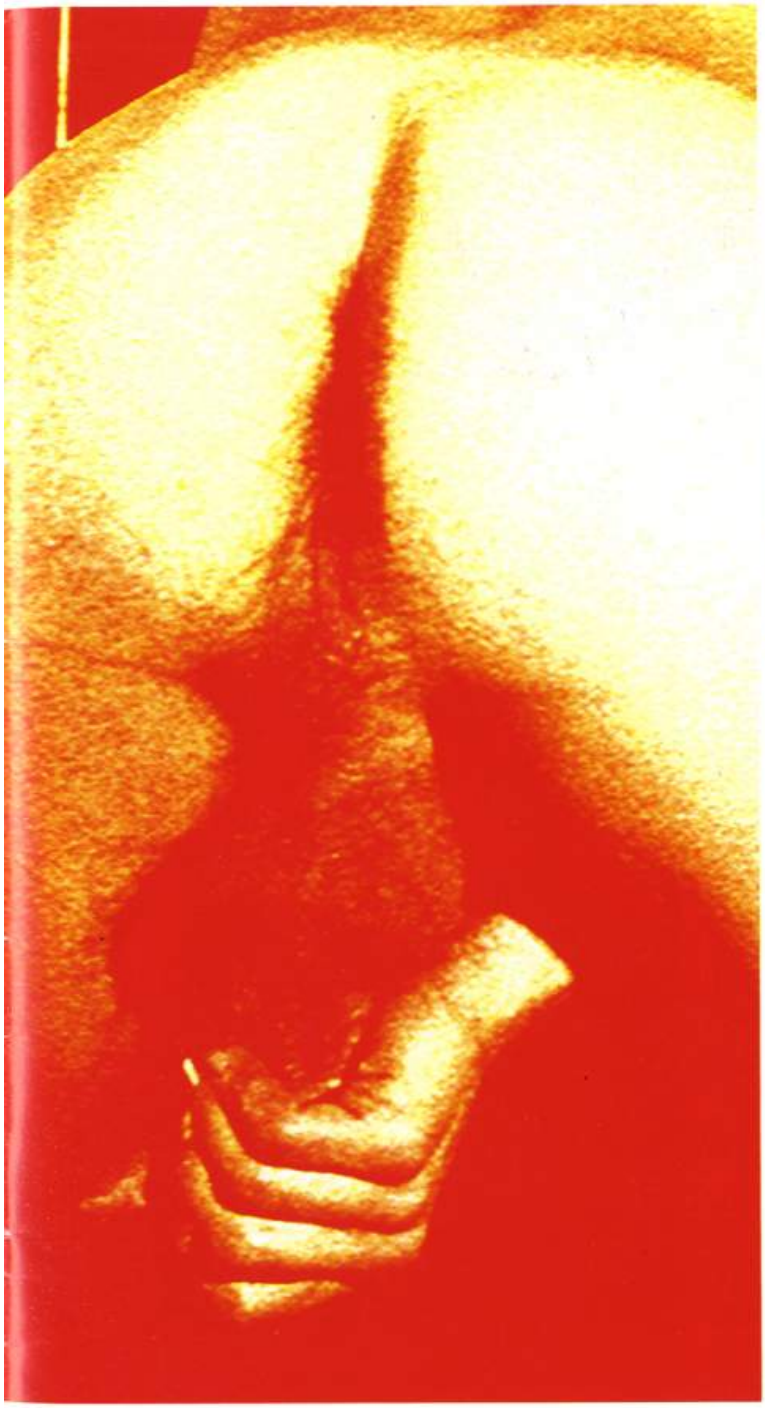


He worked his way to the S-M equipment hanging on the wall. A black leather belt felt good against his skin. He held it taut between his two hands and worked it upwards from his thighs to his chest, pinning his cock to his belly. He was throbbing with excitement — he didn't know how he was ever going to be able to control himself in this place. He grabbed a dildo and worked the hard rubber tip between his buttocks, loving the feel of the thick head.

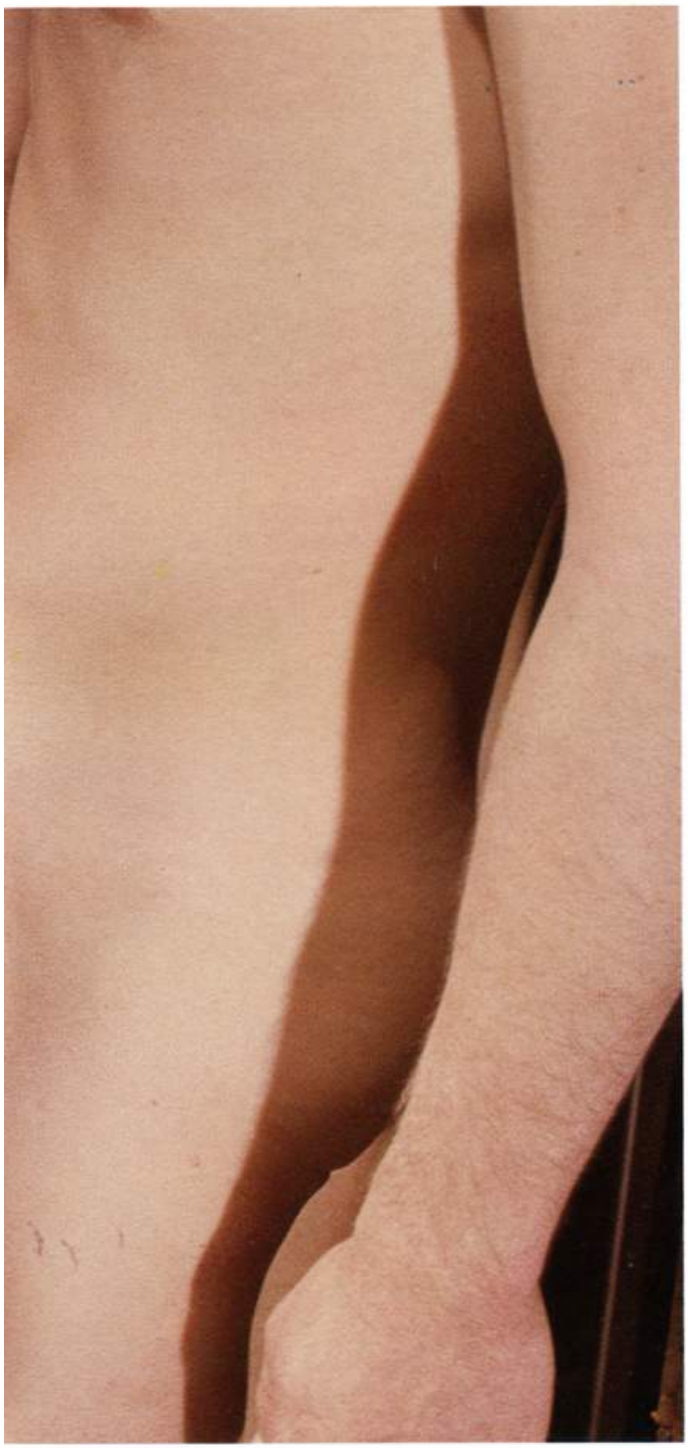
He wished it were real, another man, hard and horny, pushing into his ass. He moaned with delight, his hand still locked around the throbbing hardness of his cock.

It didn't seem that he could go on much longer — he was dizzy with excitement. He bent over once again and eased a finger into his ass, wiggling open, plunging it in.

Then he worked yet another finger in, loving the thick, bulging feel of it, feeling himself drawn closer to a hot come.



VISA

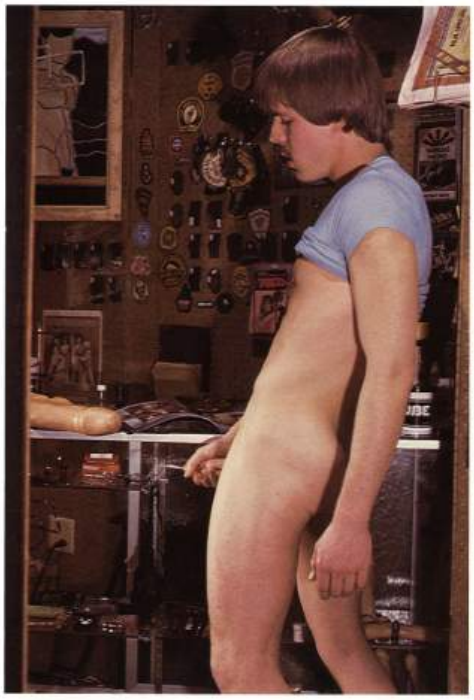


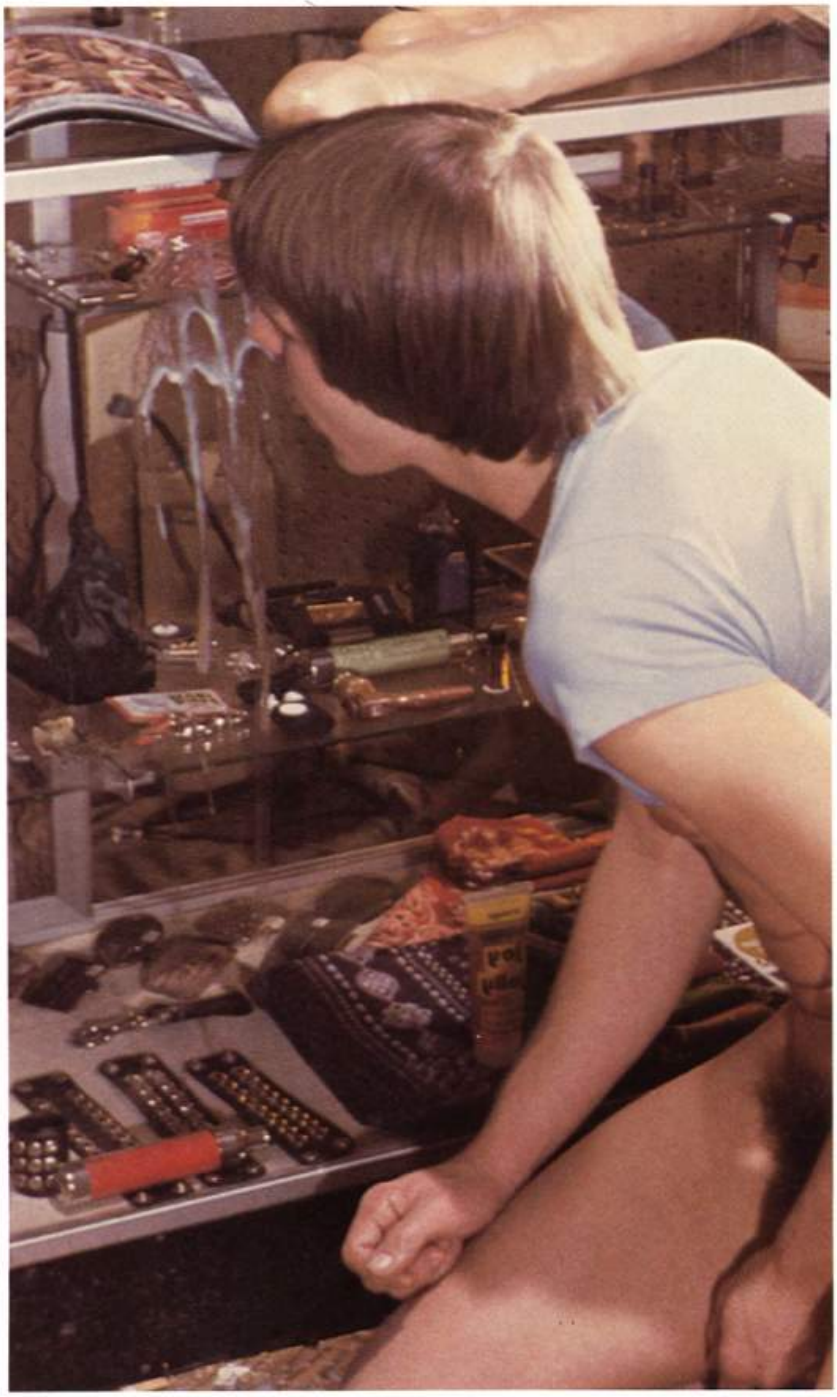
The jars of lubricant on the shelf caught his eye and he lavished the stuff on his cock, smoothing it in, loving the way his body heat seemed to make it even more effective.

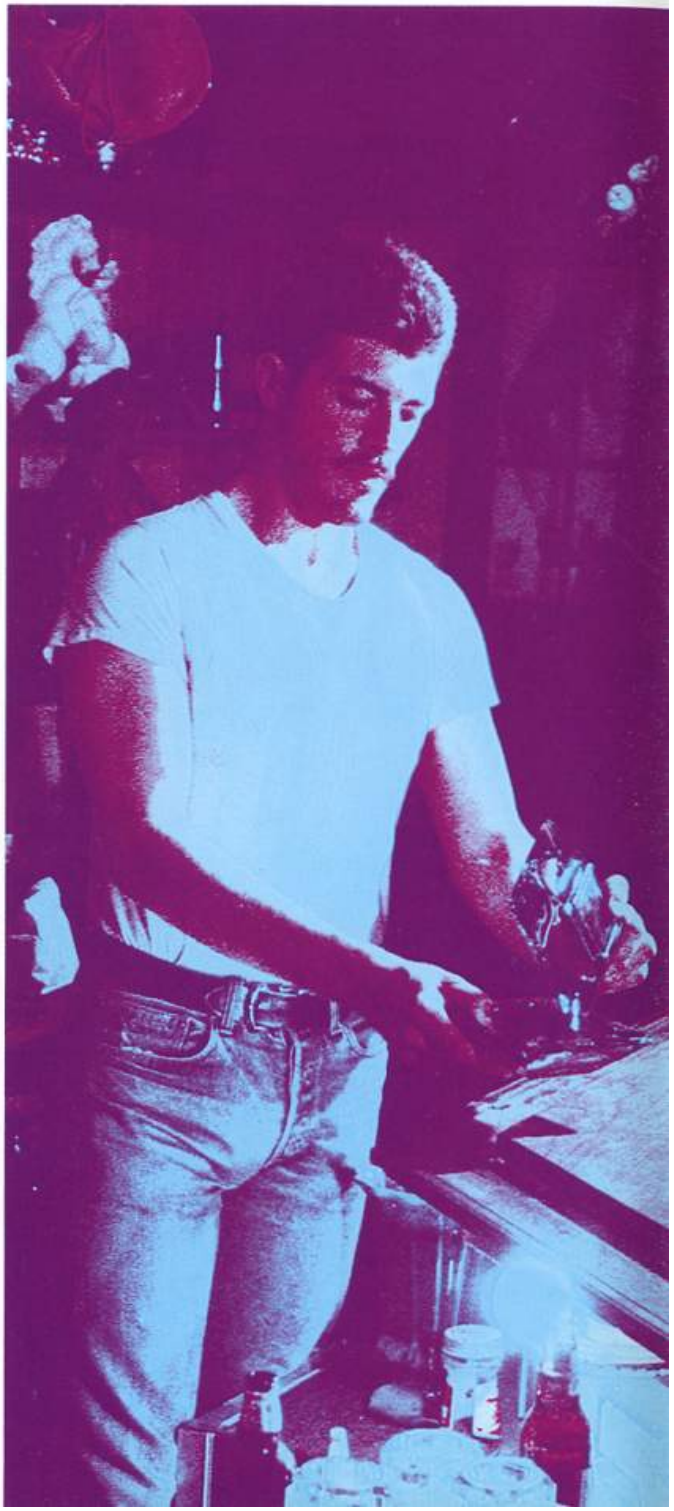
And then he was stroking himself — long, hard strokes, twisting the end of his knob between his fingers, now greasy with goo.

He couldn't hold out much longer — even though he would have liked to play with himself all night long, building to a come, and then backing off.

But it was too much stimulation, and he knew it was almost there. He fingered himself once again and this time he felt the juices boiling and he knew he had no time at all. He looked around and there was no place to deposit his juice — he stepped forward just as his pleasure hit, his cock throbbing in his hand, and watched as his white cream jetted out onto the display case, spurt after spurt, until Ted was done.

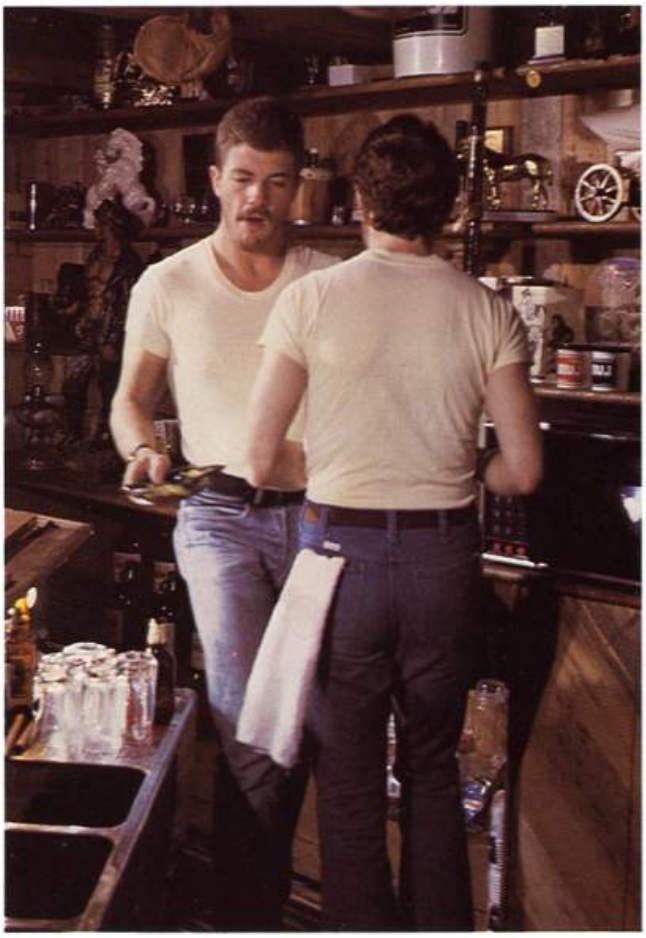






Bartender, Please!

Welcome to the hottest bar in town!

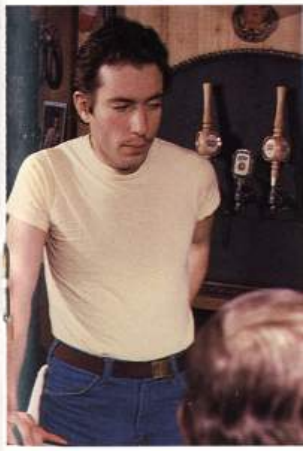


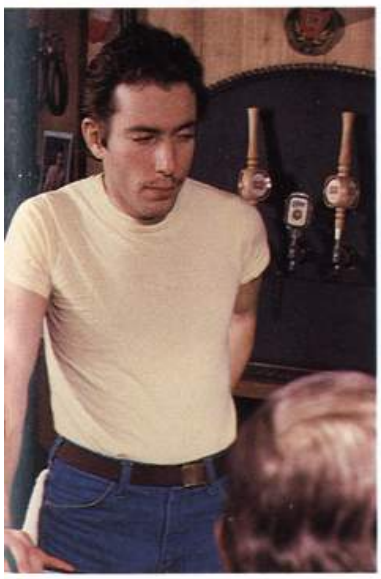
Will liked the new waiter's looks.

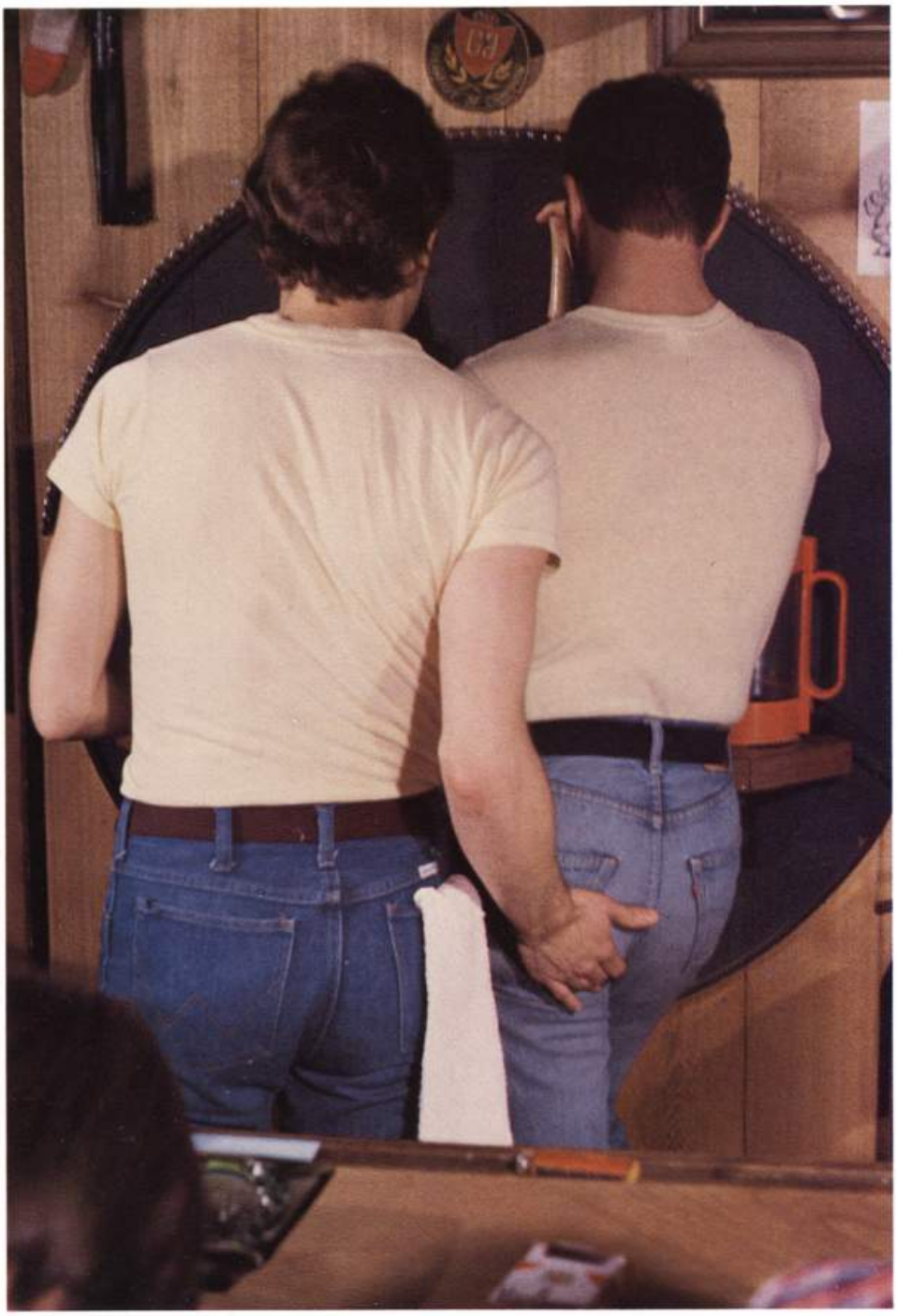
The waiter's name was Sam, and he had a deliciously sensual smile. It was a busy night, but Sam never lost his cool even though the crowd was pretty frisky.

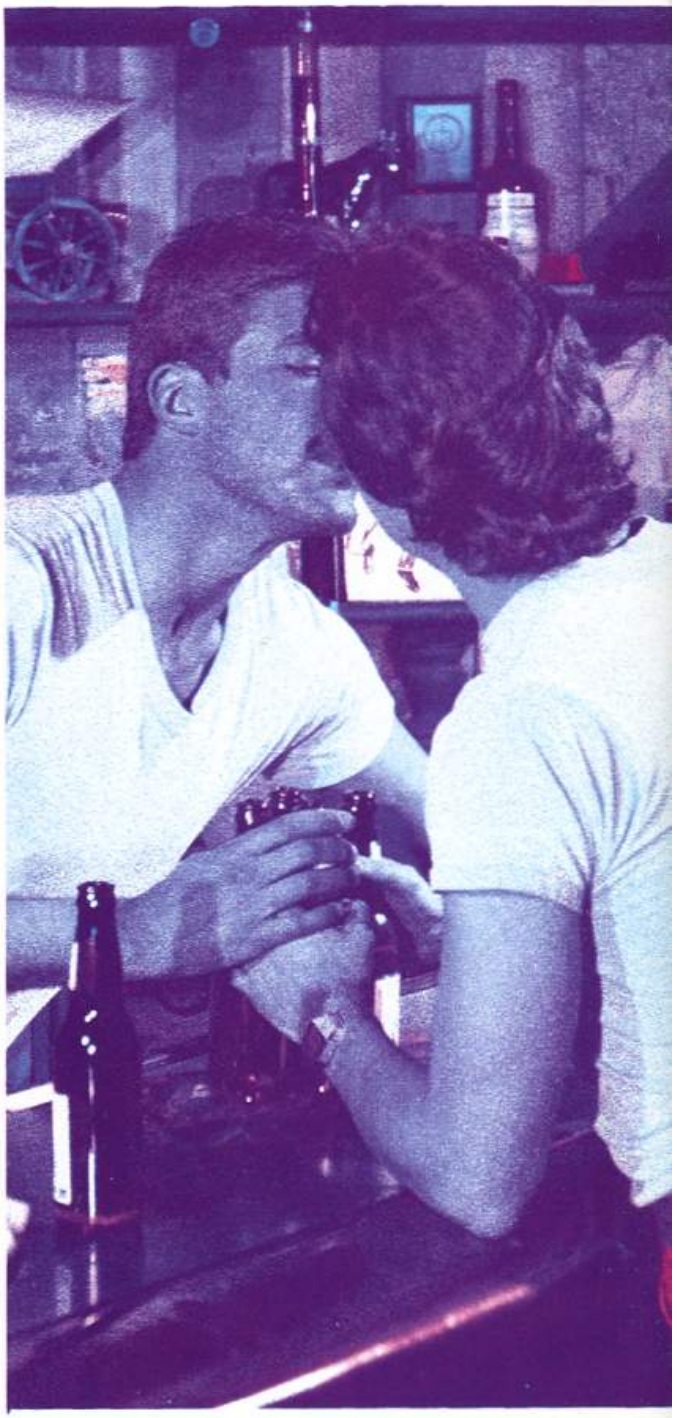
But by midnight the place had really loosened up. The john was busy, and a few guys, who couldn't wait, were copping joints under the tables.

Sam came up to the bar, put down his tray and said, "Will, get over here." Will looked up. What the hell, why not?

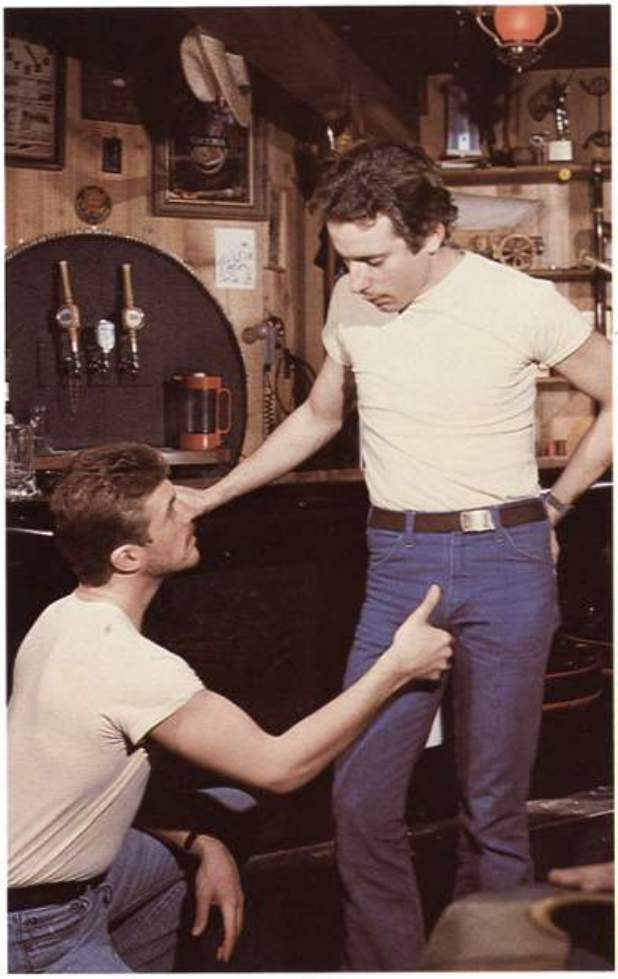




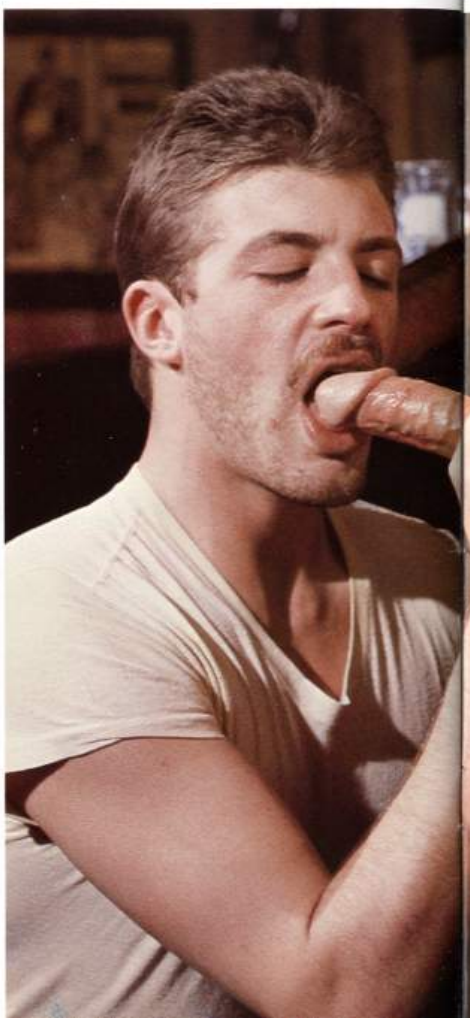




He leaned across the bar, linked his hands behind Sam's head, and pulled him close for a kiss. He felt Sam's tongue snake into his mouth and that was all that Will needed.

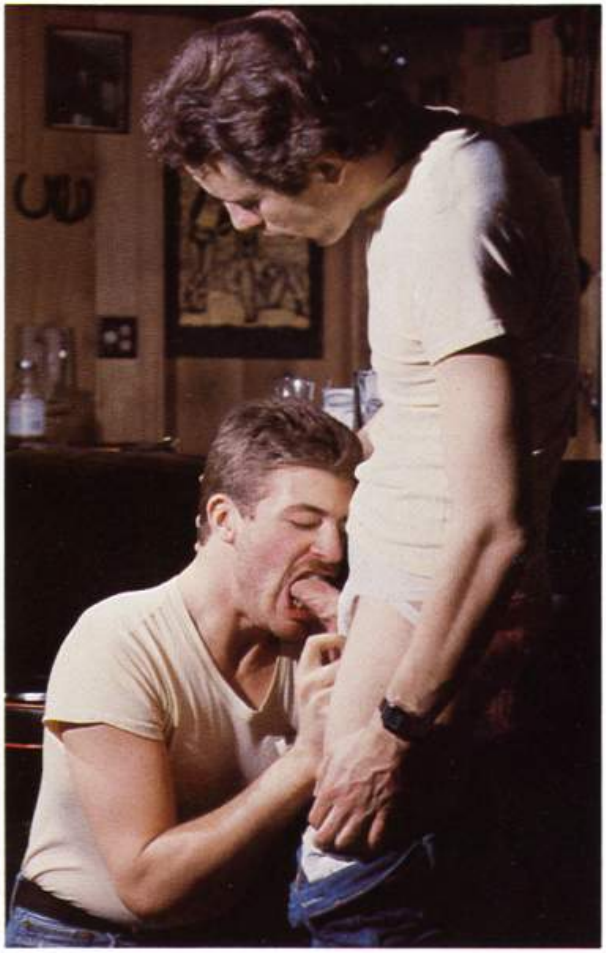


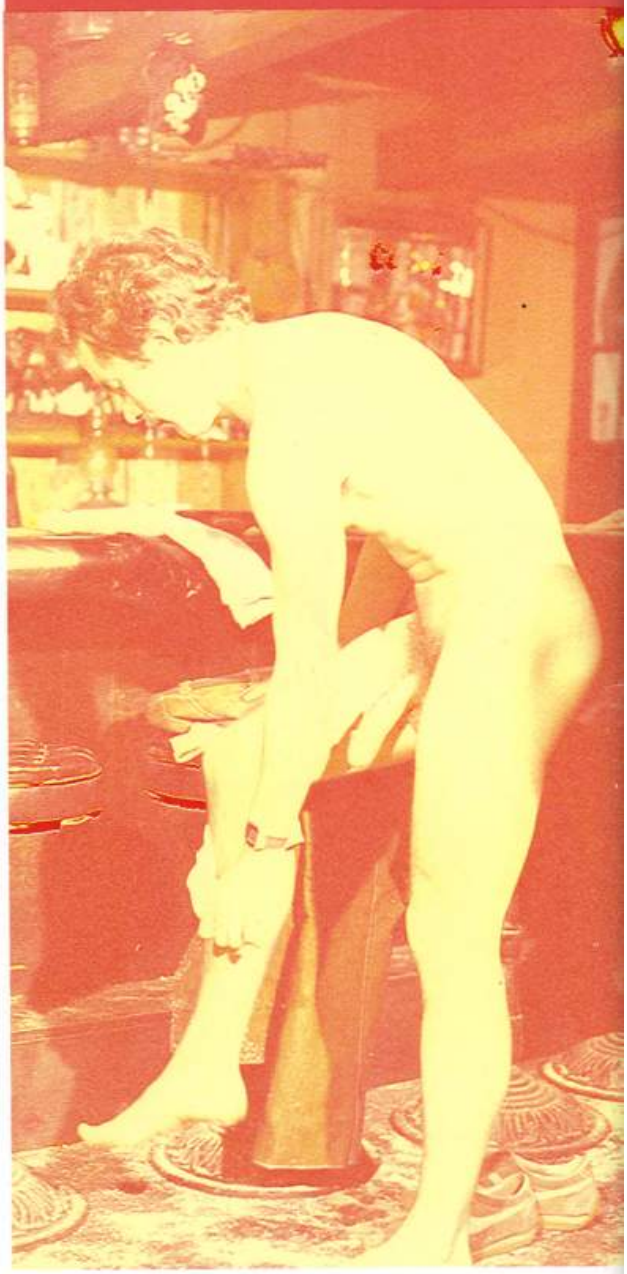
He came around the bar, dropped to his knees, and tugged Sam's pants to his ankles. Sam was wearing a jock strap that did little to disguise his excitement. That came down and Will was greeted with the best-looking prick he'd seen in a long time. He moaned with pleasure, seized it in his hand, and jammed the soft fragrant head into his mouth.



It hardened quickly and Will worked it well, lodging it halfway down his throat. He felt Sam's hands in his hair and he knew that his new lover was just as excited as he was.

Then he felt the warm jets of come filling his cheeks and then he was standing up, letting Sam work his end of the deal. Sam's mouth felt just as good on Will's prick as he had imagined it would. The guy had excellent technique and a world of experience.





The place had quieted down. All eyes were on Sam and Will, and the patrons were shouting encouragement to them. That was all that they needed. They hoisted themselves on the bar — naked now — and twisted themselves into a fierce sixty-nine.

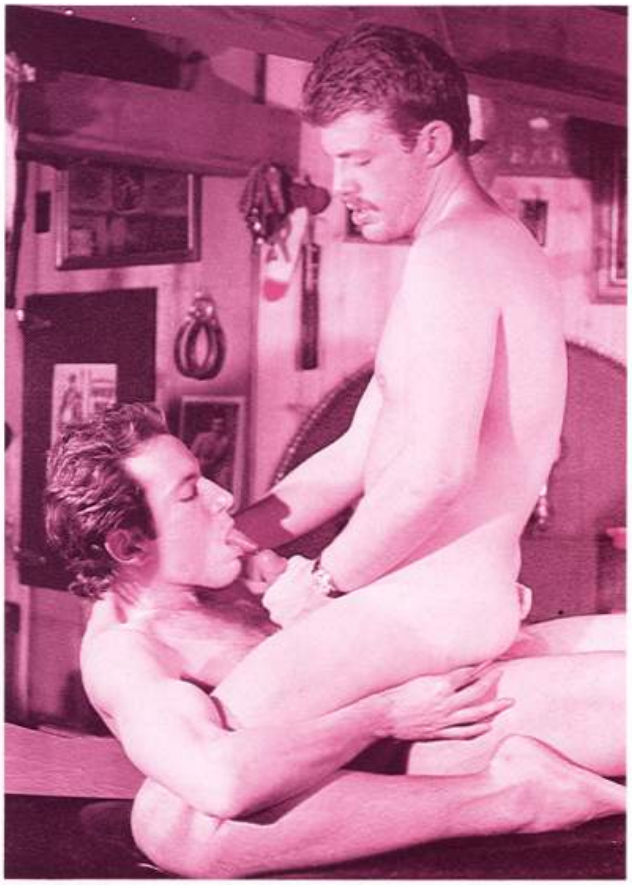
It felt wonderful to have a big prick thrust down his throat at exactly the same time that Will's own prick was being gobbled up.

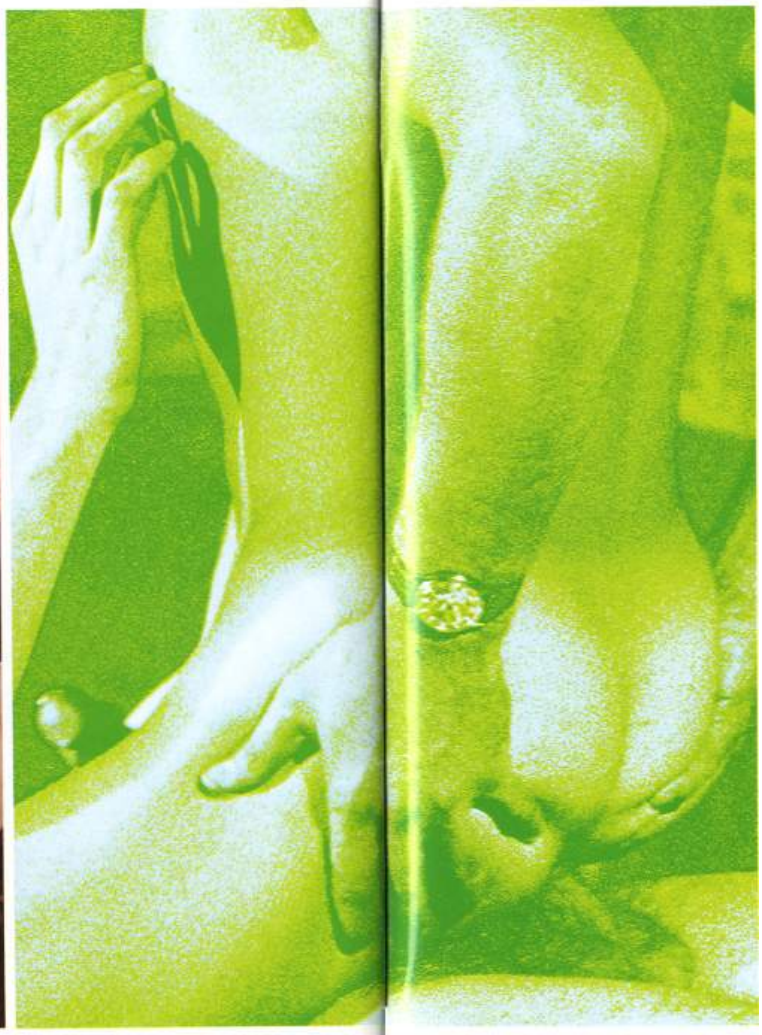
But it was getting real hot.

Then he felt a warm tongue on his ass and he groaned with sheer pleasure.

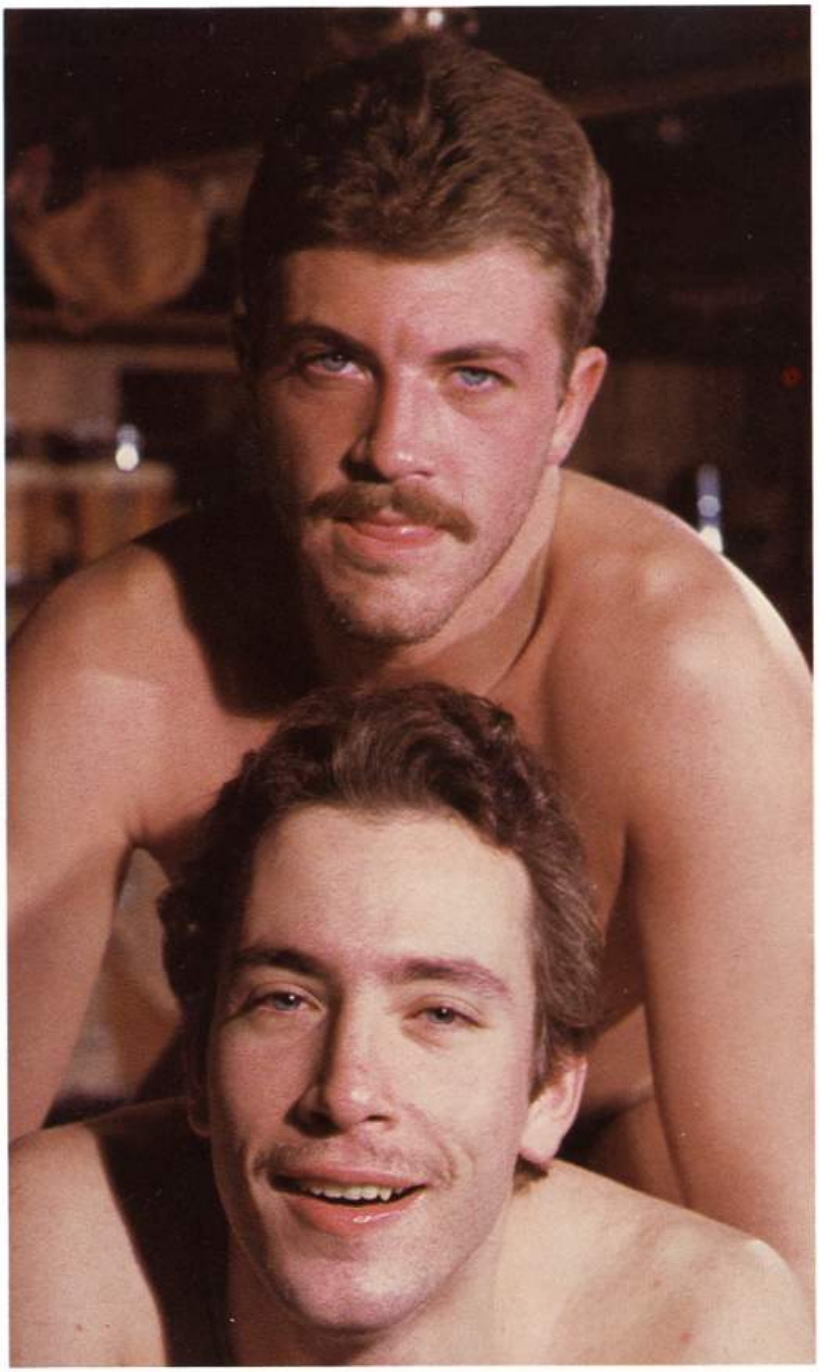
That was a special treat that didn't come too often.

Finally, Will could stand it no more — he inched forward, grabbed Sam's prick, and guided it into his hot and yawning ass. He slid it in quickly, sitting down atop it, loving the thick feel of it deep inside him. And then they were kissing, their tongues entwined, and Will knew that the new waiter was going to work out all right.





The liberty to publish and read erotic literature and art, like all freedom, carries with it a certain measure of responsibility to the community at large. We believe that the right to print and distribute erotica is not license to purvey that which would impair the well-being of our society. In light of this credo, we must live up to the definition of eroticism, which stems from the Latin word "Eros" — the deity of love. When a sexual act is rooted in loving, we shall endeavor to depict and describe it, to further our understanding of the nature of love. That which involves compulsion, degradation or violence, we join our society-at-large in shunning. We encourage our readers to do the same.



Suckin' Cock and Fuckin' Ass! From a Jack-Off Session to a Gang-Bang at The Hottest Bar In Town!